

NUNC DIMITTIS.

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SOME

LINES

OF THE

REV. MR. CENNICK'S,

(Who departed this Life July 4, 1755.)

Which he had wrote some Time, and carried
with him in his POCKET-BOOK, where they
were found after his Decease.

L O N D O N:

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NUNC DIMITTIS.

S O M E

L I N E S, &c.

NOW, Lord, in peace with thee and all below,
Let me depart and to thy kingdom go.
As, earnestly, fatigued in journeys, I
Have wish'd to see my town to lodge in, nigh:
So earnestly my weeping eyes I turn
Towards thy house, and languish, pine and mourn.
Nor can I help it, for within I feel
A thirst to see thee, quite insatiable.
'Tis true, thy blessings make my cup run o'er,
I find thy favours daily more and more;

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When

When troubles me afflict and bow me down,
 I never am forsaken or alone :
 Thou kissest all my tears and griefs away,
 Art with me all night long, and all the day.
 I have no doubt that I belong to thee,
 And shall be with thee to eternity.
 This firm my heart believes, as thou art true;
 I am thy pleasant child, thy son, I know.
 But take it not amiss, O be not griev'd,
 I want from pilgrimage to be reliev'd :
 I want to be dissolv'd, and no more here
 A wand'rer be, a banish'd foreigner.
 Sign my dismissal, with a tender sense,
 That thou with my retiring dost dispense.
 I would not thee offend (thou know'st my heart),
 Nor one short day before thy time depart :
 But I am weary, and dejected too,
 O let me to eternal sabbath go.
 In no chastisement, darkness, or distress,
 In no confusion, but in inward peace,
 With thy full leave and approbation, I
 Entreat to lay my staff and sandals by.

No

No sudden stroke, or violent fever give,
 Which may me of my senses quite bereave;
 Lest I should with my lips offend or err,
 Or grieve such tender brethren who are near:
 No; let my fleeting soul, and my last word,
 Confirm my assurance, and exalt my Lord,
 Allow me this, and sign my glad release,
 Let my heart hear thee say, "Depart in peace."
 I long to see thee, Son of Man, and be
 A pardon'd part of thy dear family.

As oft at sea, when wind and tide was fair,
 I've seen the less'ning mountains disappear,
 Exceeding sick, yet glad to move so fast,
 In hopes, ere long, on th' other side to rest;
 Till the glad sailors spy their native shore,
 And the land breezes my lost strength restore;
 Then on the deck how pleased have I seen
 My port, and thought, as if on shore I'd been,
 I see my friends! I kiss them, and partake
 Their welcomes, with their arms about my neck;
 Till all is realiz'd, and on the strand
 Cheerful and thankful, lo! they see me land;

Then

Then I my sickness and fatigues forget,
 And what I fancied's real and complete;
 Just so I long my passport to receive,
 And have permission this sad world to leave.
 Like some poor wind-bound passenger I wait,
 He thirsts for home, nor food, nor sleep is sweet;
 So I with love-sick anguish, tears and sighs,
 Oft, (my heart melting) look towards the skies,
 No words express the throbbings of my breast,
 To fly away, and ever be at rest,

If I am by, when one in faith expires,
 Or hear their happy exit, it inspires
 My eager soul their footsteps to pursue,
 And fain that night I'd make my exit too;
 I scarce reflect, they now are with the Lamb,
 But down my cheeks the salty riv'lets stream.
 I long to kiss that hand, which once me blest'd;
 Those feet that travell'd to procure my rest;
 Those lips that me confess'd; and that dear head
 That bow'd, when on it all my sins were laid.

O Lamb,

O Lamb, I languish, till that day I see,
When thou wilt say, "Come up and be with me."

Now twice sev'n years have I thy servant been,
Now let me end my service and my sin;
Forgive all my mistakes, and faults, and shame,
Neglect, and all things where I've been to blame;
Let the same kiss my absolution seal,
And pow'r convey, all what is bruise'd to heal.

Then loose the silver cord, with gentle pain,
Whilst I on thy dear bosom smiling lean;
Let the death-sweat, and sick and fainty chills,
(With chearing views of the eternal hills)
And limbs grow cold, and breaking eye-strings tell,
"But a few moments, and thou shalt be well."

Thine everlasting arms be underneath,
Thy bleeding wounds disarm the tyrant death.
Thy own cold sweat my clam and sweat wipe off,
Thy cross my bed and pillow then make soft,
Thy ministers of flaming fire attend,
And sing me sweetly to my journey's end.
Them let me hear, then bid my friends adieu,
Say, to thine honour, "Thou art good and true!"

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"I've overcome! I live for evermore!
 "My sorrows now, and pains and tears are o'er;
 "The angels wait—the Saviour calls—farewell,
 "I go with him in endless peace to dwell."
 Then let my breath grow short, my strength decay,
 The rattles low, and pulses die away;
 So fall asleep—and soaring, stoop and view
 The less'ning world now left and all below;
 Meanwhile shall I awake in Jesu's arms,
 Above the reach of flanders, wrongs, or harms,
 And with my dear acquaintance gone before,
 Stay with the Lamb, and go from him no more.

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F I N I S.